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Mirror



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Chapter 1 by Magnolia

Life is like a mirror. At least for me. A broken, smudged mirror. One that when you look into it, you don't recognize what you see. The reflection that has a different background. A face, that others see, but you don't. A physical thing that is different from that on the inside. A mirror is said to hold your deepest secrets, but that's not always true. Just as everyone sees something different in the same mirror. A mirror is just a reflection of the physical world after all, there is no mental property to it at all. And yet, when I go to look at different mirrors in different places, I see different things.

For example: When I look into a mirror in my room, yes I see my face, but it is solemn. That is the physical aspects. The face is one that is scared and too sad for the age that I am; for any age at all. One that has seen too many things, but has barely seen the world. One that has to pretend just for the sake of getting by. One that is struggling to find all, if any things happy.

At a public area, for another example, I look into the mirror and see the same face, yet completely different. This face is one that likes to jest. One that knows happiness well. A smile comes easily when a friendly face is seen. Once again, this is the physical aspects of it. That very happiness in the face; it is mistaken. That look is that of gratitude. One that is living just for the sake of what they can manage to get. One that lives off of the happiness that others give them.

The face is the same, the mirror is the same, but the reflection is different. The reflection can be known to have many faces but have the same reflection. And so, when one needs to see the reflection, they can do so. The reflection is always with us, but it is not always the same. It is always changing and with us.

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reflection and not me as myself. Now isn't that odd?

Chapter 2 by thelastunicorn



But that's what they want me to think.

That's all what they want me to think. They want me to dislike me in my bedroom mirror but love my fun-loving self in public mirrors. I'm special. 'Too special for my own good', as they say it. They're the ones that smudged and broke the mirror of my life.

It was a normal day. I was just eating oatmeal, my least favorite breakfast, with my mother sitting by my side. Then they barged in to my own kitchen. After a while, I was in a lab and they were all calling me 'special' or 'her'. Nothing along the lines of 'Julia'. I wasn't a person, I was a thing. And to them, I still am just a thing. They said that I'm 'too special for my own good', and I guess they're right.

Chapter 3 by lexi willbrand



The people in the lab restrained me to a cold metal table. Every time I close my eyes, even four years later, I can still see the doctors testing me for things and using words too large for me to understand. I still can't figure out what's wrong with me. I don't think the doctors and scientists know either.

To them, I was 'The girl who broke her mirror'. How nobody had else ever done that before astonished me. I was a clumsy little ten-year-old who wanted to break the rules for once. I was a good girl for a long while, I always followed my mother's standards and the government's rules, no matter how much I wanted to break the rules.

One day, I did.

I still regret it. My mom left me alone for five minutes at the most. Being the curious little child I was I walked over to the mirror on the wall of my bedroom, and I reached out to touch it and then everything went dark.

I don't remember much except my mother screaming at me and forcing me for days to pretend to be normal. I remember her sobbing when they ripped me away from the kitchen table. I remember coming home on my 11th birthday after all the tests to hear the worst news any

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One of the doctors gave me a notebook and yes, I did write down my daily 'feelings' in it but, I also wrote down escape plans I would never fulfill.

Today, I was sitting in the small room, sorry cell, which I was given as a child. The plain white room hadn't changed a bit since I was eleven and frankly, it was maddening. White sheets, white walls, white everything.

Today is the day I am done. I am done being their experiment. Today, I escape

Chapter 4 by Maize0214



Today, I escape and see what's really out there. Today, I will succeed in escaping from this cell. I will find out what is actually out there in the world. I'm sick and tired of the peeling paint on the white walls where I would go when I got bored and start to pick at the paint. The white sheets that were stained with my red blood. I was done.

One of the doctors walked past. It was the nice one who gave me the notebook in the first place. I knew that I could trust him not to tell anyone my plan. I knew that he was the only one that cared for me. All the rest of the doctors just wanted to experiment on me but he was different. I felt like he understood me, from a deeper level than the rest of the doctors.

He turned towards me. The thing is, I don't remember him looking like that.

He looked different. Different, what a word. How to define it? Well, different to me was when I touched the mirror and from then on, people called me different.

He looked the same, well, somewhat. His normal light blue beautiful eyes that usually sparkled were now a dull gray color. He raised up his arm and I noticed a small tattoo on the inside of his wrist, the one that all the rest of the doctors had. I walked to the front of my cell and looked through the bars. We were looking at each other. His eyes yearned for help but, I knew that I couldn't help him. I think that he knew that too.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

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